CUP 21 e 24 (1)

THE WHIGGS Have Loſt their SMELL.

I Remember, in King *Charles* the IId's Time, *The Whigs* were famous for having the beſt Noſes, of any Men in the Kingdom; and it was their Diſtinguiſhing Character, that they could ſmell a T---d at a diſtance, when other People could not perceive it, till it was under their Noſes; but now, poor Gentlemen, they can ſmell nothing at all; they can't diſtinguiſh a *Privy*, or *Cloſe*---from a Perfumer's Shop.

There is nothing in the World ſmells ſo Rank, and hath ſuch a malignant Savour as *Popery*; and yet the *Whigs* can now ſnuff up the Fumes of it, without the leaſt Diſorder to the moſt tender, and moſt apprehenſive Fibres of their Brains.

A Next

Next to *Popery*, the ſtrongeſt and moſt pernicious-ſcented thing is (in my Opinion) *Gun-powder*; eſpecially, if it be compounded of *Weiſh* Brimſtone: And yet I'll tell you a ſtrange Story upon that Subject. I was talking, the other Day, with a *Whig*, in one of the *Lobbyes*; and ſome *Nitro-Sulphureous* Exhalations did (as it ſeemed to me) violently invade my Noſe, and extreamly diſturb my Olfactory Nerves. I askt him if he ſmelt nothing, and I was very full of my Fears, leaſt there ſhould be ſome new *Powder-plot* hatching, to blow up both Houſes of Parliament; but after two or three Sniftings, he aſſured me it was all Fancy, and ſaid, he wondred how I could entertain ſuch a ridiculous Thought, as to imagine, that Gun-powder, which had been ſo *eminently* uſeful, and ſerviceable to us abroad, in deſtroying our Enemies, and blowing up their Magazines, ſhould do us any Hurt at Home.

After having obſerved, from many the like Inſtances of late, that the *Whigs* had loſt their Senſe of Smelling, which had formerly ſtood them in ſo much ſtead, and had been upon Occaſion highly Beneficial to the Nation; I began to caſt about for a Reaſon of ſo odd an Appearance; and the beſt Account I can give of the matter, is, that in the former Times, when their Smelling was ſo good, they were generally Grim, Fierce Fellows, of the *Cat-Kind*, and had large Whiſkers, or Muſtacho's, which (as all Naturaliſts and Vertuoſo's agree) contribute very much to the Perfection of that Senſe; ſo that if you cut off a Cat's Beard, ſhe will never be able to *ſmell a Rat* again afterwards;

BRITISH LIBRARY
15-7-67

terwards; but now the *Whigs* having ſuffered themſelves, not only to be pull'd by the Beard, but cleanſhaved, *The Old Cheſhire-Cheeſe* may be all eaten up, before they know any thing of it.

But what ſignifie all the Learned Reaſons that can be given of Diſtempers and Defects in the Humane Body, without ſome ſuitable Cure be preſcribed at the ſame Time? I adviſe them therefore to nouriſh their Whiskers, and to let them grow out again, but becauſe that requires Time, and we want to have the Sagacity and Acuteneſs of this uſeful Senſe immediately reſtored and exalted, let them by all Means take Snuſh; Let them preſently get ſome Right *Spaniſh*, or *Portugueſe* Snuſh, But above all, I would recommend to them *Orangerie*; they muſt be ſure to have it Right and Good, and have a care of all *Pretenders* and *Counterfeits*. If this won't do, I ſay, *pray God bleſs their Eye-ſight*; for ſince their *Ears* are now no *larger* than others Men's, and their Noſes not ſo good, they have nothing but their Eyes to truſt to; and thoſe without the help of the *Review's* French *Spectacles*, will never be able to ſee through a *Scotch Miſt*.

FINIS.